

Lost sight of

Ken Hightower

The brain changes when vision flies,
off on bat wings scurrying into caves.
It shrinks as trees become memories;
it starves as her favorite face flees.
No more images to stimulate,
to arouse anticipation, to tease
like a well presented plate
to a hungry pair of eyes
fixed to cranial flesh that dies.
Eyes that can not eat, she cries.
She was forty-five when sight came,
not to orbitals which still were lame.